

6. *Eng. Poetry vol 44.*
E V E L I N A:

A

P O E M.

k
BY JOHN HUDDLESTONE WYNNE, GENT.



L O N D O N:

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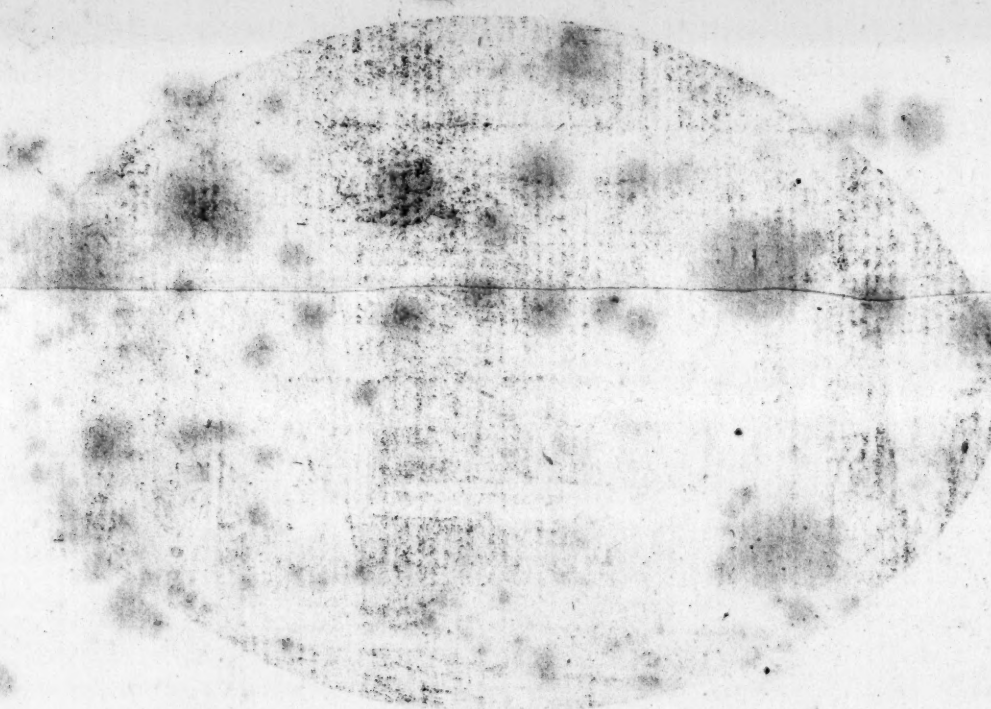
GEORGE RILEY, BOOKSELLER, IN CURZON-STREET, MAY-FAIR;

A N D

SOLD BY J. WILKIE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

MD.CC.LXXIII.

P O E M



THE HONOURABLE

SIR THOMAS WYNN, BART.

LORD LIEUTENANT of the County of CARNARVON.

AND

COLONEL OF THE MILITIA.

SIR,

IT is with a far greater dependance upon your indulgence than my own deserts, that I lay the following performance at your feet; since indeed if it has any merit at all, it is only derived from the kind assistance you were pleased to communicate; though if my execution had come
up

up to the plan I worked from I conceive the Poem might well have deserved to be ranked with the most celebrated performances of this enlightened age.

But exclusive of any other claim, there is a kind of tax laid on gentlemen of distinguished birth and abilities, to patronize the attempts of unsupported but aspiring genius; and this claim, Sir, the race of Authors have ever been most zealous to support; Poets, in particular, have always sought for a MÆCENAS—and where could I have found a Patron so proper as Sir THOMAS WYNN, to whom the honours of an ancient family are so worthily descended, and whose love of all the fine arts is only equalled by his judgment in them?

This, indeed, is a subject on which I could dwell with pleasure; but that, as I know the best of men are generally the least taken with their own praises, I forbear.—What I have already said, though far short

of

D E D I C A T I O N.

v

of the truth, may well account for my motives in presenting EVELINA to the Gentleman who has contributed so much to her introduction to the world; — for my own part I am but her Foster-Father, and if she is received from my hands uninjured, it will be my greatest boast—except only that I have the Permission to testify in this public manner how much I have the honour to be

Sir,

Your most obedient,

Most obliged

And devoted Servant,

J. H. W Y N N E.

DEAR MR. T. C. SMITH

of the truth may well be said for my interest in
feeling. I am sure the Gentleman who has contributed
to much to her introduction to the world;—for my
own part I am sure Foster-Parker, and if he is
received from my hands unimpaired, it will be my greatest
boast—except only that I have the permission to tel-
ly in this public manner how much I have the ho-
nor to be

Yours most obedient

Most obliged

And devoted servant

J. H. WYNN

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may not be improper to inform the Reader that this Piece was occasioned by the finding in a deep glen or valley, not far from the foot of SNOWDON, a rude Sarcophagus, on which was inscribed in very irregular characters---EVELINA.---This ancient monument was placed beneath the trunks of three venerable Oaks, which were cloathed with mantling Ivy, and whose solemn shade seemed, for ages, to have been the repository of EVELINA's dust.

A circumstance so romantic was of itself sufficient to rouse the attention and warm the fancy of a friend of the tuneful Muses----The gloomy scene, the venerable shade, the resort of Druids, who mourned, as it were, over the ruins of their country; ----- These naturally formed the Imagery of the Poem, and Fancy supplied the rest----The subject being thus, as it were, laid down by MELPOMONE herself, and the argument furnished by an honourable Friend, the Poet has undertaken with such assistances to fabricate the following Piece, in which he has rather endeavoured to trace wild Nature than to seek for the nicer decorations of Art; convinced that though regularity and a studied correctness, may be the boast of the Writers of Ethics, yet the glowing warmth of an awakened Imagination is the very Life of an Elegiac Poem.

A R G U-

A R G U M E N T.

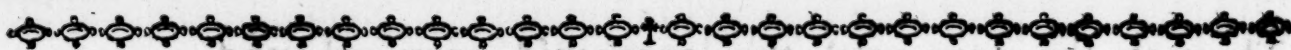
CARADOC, or CARACTACUS, a British prince, after having resisted the arms of the Romans for more than nineteen years, was at length totally defeated by OSTORIOUS, and constrained to fly for safety to his Allies. ----- But being betrayed through the means of CARTISMANDUA into the hands of the Romans, he was led into captivity, together with all his family, except his daughter EVELINA, who expired on the spot, being unable to survive the fatal catastrophe.----- A band of Druids, conveying her remains from the foot of SNOWDON, rest with them in a dark glen or valley, shaded by venerable oaks, where they deposit them in a rude sarcophagus, and open the business of the Poem with their lamentations for her death, the captivity of their Prince, and the miserable state of their country.

A R C U M E N T

CARADOC, or CARADOC, a British prince, after having
testified the sense of the Romans for more than nineteen years,
was at length totally deluged by Ostorius, and confined to his
for life to his Alliance. But being betrayed through the means of
CARTIMANDUA into the hands of the Romans, he was led into cap-
tivity, together with all his family, except his daughter EVANNA, who
expired on the spot being unable to survive the fatal catastrophe.
A band of Druids, conveying her remains from the foot of Snowdon,
yell with them in a dark glen or valley, shaded by venerable oaks,
where they deposit them in a rude sarcophagus, and open the pulchre
of the Poem with their lamentations for her death, the captivity of
their Prince, and the miserable state of their country.



E V E L I N A.



IN a deep vale, by length'ning shades obscur'd,
By woods embosom'd, and rough hills immur'd;

Near where imperial SNOWDON's heights arise,

Whose airy summit props the distant skies;

Beneath the joyless reign of sable night,

What time the Heav'ns had veil'd their sacred light,

And the pale empress of the starry train

Was sunk disastrous in the Western main;

In long procession, lo! a holy band,
 The hapless remnant of a ruin'd land,
 Advanc'd, with melancholy steps, and flow,
 Silent and deep, in all the pomp of woe;
 Till, in the centre of the lofty shade,
 An awful pause the rev'rend mourners made:
 Then thrice they call'd on EVELINA's name,
 Daughter of Kings, consign'd to deathless fame:
 Through the deep vale, the lengthen'd notes rebound,
 And SNOWDON's heights return the solemn found.

"VIRGIN! we come! Soon Time's short race is o'er!
 We join thee on th' irremeable shore.
 Virgin! we come! the fleeting hours decay,
 That mark Life's busy, transitory day!"

THEN sounds the solemn harp a dismal strain,
 Whose speaking strings melodiously complain;
 By high-born HOEL touch'd with watchless grace,
 The pride and glory of the minstrel race.

"HAIL

" HAIL to the land where EVELINA's dust,
Fair Offspring of the Great, the Wife, the Just!
Shall rest intomb'd; within whose circuit lies
The hero's boast, the gen'rous lover's prize.
Hail to this holy shrine, wherein are spread
The last sad relics of the beauteous dead,
For whom, in life, contending Princes sigh'd,
Who for her Father and her Country dy'd!

MARK the devoted spot, the luckless hour,
When BRITAIN felt the rage of hostile pow'r!—
When first the waning moon's descending beam
Glanc'd rays obliquely trembling o'er the stream;
When gloomy clouds encompass'd SNOWDON's brow,
And dark mists crept along the vale below;
While dancing meteors shot across the night,
And scar'd the nations with terrific light;
From MENAI's depth confess'd in dreadful form,
When rose the Spirit that directs the storm:

EA VELIN A

'Twas then the strength of ALBION's glory fail'd,

And Roman arms infidiously prevail'd.

MARK well the luckless hour, the fatal day,

That from our Country stole her Prop away.

'Twas when thy groves, O MONA! fail'd to shield

The victor-chief of many a well-fought field:

Then rush'd the eagle thro' th' æthereal way,

And of the princely dragon made a prey.

Then CARADOC was lost, but sons retir'd:

And EVELINA at the sight expired—

FLOW, LLYVAN's stream, responsive flow along,

While CAMBRIA's hills re-echo to the song!

A song of worthies, ancient ALBION's boast;

A song of heroes and of beauties lost.

Ye passing winds in plaintive murmurs tell

How Britons bled, how EVELINA fell!

FLOW, LLYVAN's stream, responsive flow along,

And CAMBRIA's hills re-echo to the song!

A song

E V E L I N A.

7

A song of mourning, and of tears that flow:

A song of sorrows, and of heart-felt woe!—

Spirits of heroes slain, attend the lay,

And waft the numbers to the realms of day!

YE ancient oaks with mantling ivy bound,

Ye swelling hills with verdant forests crown'd!

Delightful scenes! while Liberty remain'd

And glorious chiefs a warlike race sustain'd

And MONA, thou, whose brown and awful shade

By bards and sages venerable made,

Full oft' hast listen'd to our sacred song,

And bade thy groves the solemn notes prolong,

Full oft' in airy forms hast call'd from high

Bright Inspiration, daughter of the sky,

In mystic dreams to charm the Druid's sleep,

Couch'd on some cliff, high nodding o'er the deep,

Once happier feats!—record the dreadful hour,

That gave your country up to hostile pow'r.—

Lo!

" Lo! dark around us spread the shades of night,
 And not one star beams forth its useful light;
 Wide o'er the LLYVAN sweeps the murm'ring breeze,
 And sounds discordant, rustle through the trees;
 But when black clouds th' æthereal vault deform
 And Nature trembles at the black'ning storms,
 In one soft tranquil sleep, eternal blest'd,
 Shall EVELINA's hallow'd relics rest."

" REST EVELINA! (sang the answ'ring band,)
 Rest ever peaceful in thy native land;
 May no rude step thy awful shrine profane,
 But here may Peace and sacred Silence reign.
 REST, EVELINA! till the final doom
 Shall wrap all Nature in one common tomb!
 Rest all of thee that owns a mortal birth,
 Embrac'd and honour'd by thy kindred earth;
 Till Death and Destiny to ruin hurld—
 Shall crush the atoms of a jarring world:—
 But that immortal Spark of heavenly flame
 That warm'd thy breast, shall urge a higher claim

Through

Through various † changes holding still her way
To the bright regions of eternal day!

“ Thus low enwrapp'd in awful shades are laid,
Thy dear remains, O royal, injured maid.

Thus low our hopes were laid, and thus our trust,
And Britain's glory humbled in the dust,

When thy great Father, in himself an host,
Our spear of war, and arm of strength was lost!

Who shall describe the horrors of that day,

When Rome triumphant led our Prince away;

When her proud sons beheld to polish'd art,

Yield the plain valour of a British heart?

There sunk the mighty, and there fell the brave,

And captive princes figh'd but for a grave!

There He, who stood unmov'd 'midst loud alarms,

And twice ten years defy'd the Roman arms.

In one sad hour (bow'd like his native oak,

Beneath th' impetuous thunder's dreadful stroke,)

D

Was

† The Britons believed in the Pythagorean system of transmigration.

Was thrown to earth; his social train they bore
Sad mourning captives to a foreign shore,
His weeping family his fate attend,
And with reluctant steps the lofty bark ascend.

BUT *one*, the noblest of the royal train;
Force had subdu'd and counsel urg'd in vain,
Fair EVELINA, bright in youthful charms,
Disdain'd the rights of all-subduing arms!
Still warm in youth she fought the gates of death:
Free as her birth she yields her latest breath,
Kiss'd the dear earth that nurs'd her early years,
Heav'd a deep sigh, and shed a few sad tears:
Then burst the bands that check'd her Spirit's flight,
Expir'd her soul and sunk to silent night.

THUS while they sang the south wind roaring loud
Heap'd mist on mist and tumbled cloud on cloud,
With lightnings flashing o'er th' aerial bound,
And thunders rolling through the vast profound;

In

In dread commotion o'er the billowy deep,
With horrid sound the wakened whirlwind sweep:
Silence is scar'd, and Peace affrighted flies
From warring elements and burning skies,
While 'midst the wreck with solemn rites adorn'd
By ev'ry Muse by ev'ry Druid mourn'd,
To Earth's sad womb with many a sigh they trust
The last remains of EVELINA's dust.

Now flow and solemn, o'er the honour'd tomb
Amidst the horrors of the midnight gloom,
They pour their sorrows, thrice again exclaim,
Frantic with woe, on EVELINA's name;
Then parting sad, on either hand retire,
As part the winds the gloomy funeral fire.

BUT he, the Chief, who led the sacred train
Long us'd in MONA's awful groves to reign,
O'er the sad shrine in sorrow bending low,
Near where old LLVYAN's rapid torrents flow;

Beneath

Beneath the deep and melancholy shade,
Primæval oaks with mingling boughs display'd;
His awful front with marks of grief impress'd
His silver beard soft waving o'er his breast,
His head upon his bended arm sustain'd,
Like some sad monument of grief remain'd.

THE thunders roaring, the funereal gloom,
That wrapp'd the shade of EVELINA's tomb;
The winds that whistled loud the trees among,
The swelling stream that foaming pour'd along.
The Spirits of the storm that sailing high,
Bore devastation through the redd'ning sky;
Voices of woe from SNOWDON's top that cry'd,
While lofty MONA' through the gloom reply'd,
Forms long departed of the silent dead,
That strike the trembling heart with awe and dread,
Flashing like meteors on th' astonish'd sight,
Beneath the fable horrors of the night,

These

These unappal'd the chief of MONA hear'd
For fortitude and justice still rever'd,
And skill'd in charms whose wonder working pow'r
Oft' at the silent midnight's gloomy hour,
By magic spells the souls of heroes slain
Has call'd to banquet on the moonlight plain.

GREAT was his pow'r, but greater were the charms
Of *Virtue* that her sacred vot'ries warms;
Who in his breast her hallow'd rule maintain'd,
For *Virtue* chief in ancient MONA reign'd,
Yet unsubdu'd unpolish'd by those arts
That to soft slav'ry sunk the Roman hearts
In after ages which to ruin hurl'd
The envy'd Mistress of the conquer'd world.—

BUT as the night's dun shadows fled away
And ruddy streaks proclaim'd approaching day,
The storms that shook the woods appear'd to cease,
And fighting winds were hush'd to softest peace.

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BUT

BUT no soft sleep the chief of MONA knows,
While warring elements forbid repose,
While his lov'd country's woes his soul oppress'd,
And more than tempests robb'd his eyes of rest;
Yet when the op'ning clouds proclaim'd the dawn,
And grey morn' glimmer'd o'er the dewy lawn.
Deep sunk beneath the visionary shade,
In silent trance the rev'rend Seer was laid.
To the dark vale, from SNOWDON's bright'ning height
The airy spirits take their wonted flights;
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the green
A countless host! to mortal eye unseen,
Save to the Druids and the sacred train
That in high MONA hold their awful reign;—
These oft observe them as they sweep along,
And fill all ÆTHER with celestial song,
Or strike the harps 'lone hanging on the trees,
And waft their music on the passing breeze;
Now hov'ring close o'er EVELINA's tomb,
With dusky wing, they skirt the awful gloom,

Relume the last remains of British fire,
And heav'nly thoughts, and mystic dreams inspire.

MEANWHILE AURORA with her saffron ray,
Wide scatt'ring roses, wakes the new-born day,
The distant hills with yellow lustre bright
Confess th' approaches of the God of light,
Then opes the scene, refulgent to behold!
The glitt'ring rocks and streams that glow with gold.—
First SNOWDON's height the solar beam displays,
And shines conspicuous with the orient blaze,
The glorious Pow'r who rules the radiant sky,
That sacred spot regards with fav'ring eye;
Where Freedom from oppressive arms retir'd,
And but at last triumphantly expir'd.
Short were the glories there that Conquest won,
Till Art completed what, by force begun,
Oft stain'd the British Alps with native blood,
Or gorg'd the wolves, and fishes of the flood,

While

While brazen-throated War, with hideous roar
Rebellow'd to the farthest THULE's shore!

GREAT Prince of Mountains! from whose tow'ring height,
Stupendous objects strike th' astonish'd sight,
Thy founding cataracts, and mingled caves,
Thy melting snows that swell old Ocean's waves,
Thy craggy cliffs from whence with furious sweep
The rushing tempests rouse the troubled deep;
Amazing scenes! inspire the Poet's song,
That brings the fine and lib'ral arts along,
Well might the artists here, ITALIA's boast,
Find scenes well suited on thy British coast.
ROSA! whose pencil still sublimely wrought,
In all the majesty of boundless thought,
Who trac'd wild Nature in her rudest forms,
Midst broken rocks and oceans vex'd by storms;
Here might have prov'd the wonders of his hand,
And caught new beauties from the vary'd land,

Till

Till thy soft art the brightest tints bestow'd,
And warm with life the swelling canvass glow'd.

MENAI, whose stream more soft and gentle flows,
Whose frequent murm'ring lull to calm repose,
Wide to Ierne's coast her course that bends,
And tow'rd the vast Atlantic deep extends;
Seas ever rolling to far distant skies,
And other climes where other stars arise,
Where happier isles the great COLUMBUS found,
And lands extending to the world's vast bound,
With that immense and long unnotic'd shore
Stretch'd from MAGELAN to rough LABRADOR
And northward still, beyond where man can trace
The feats remote of many' a savage race,
Ev'n to the Children of the Sun unknown,
And swarthy tribes that fill the torrid zone!

MENAI! thy waves and banks descending flow,
Bright with the face of Morn's effulgence glow.

Not rich PACTOLUS, pride of Phrygian lands,
 Nor AFRIC's streams that roll o'er golden lands,
 More deep imbibe the sun's enliv'ning ray,
 Reflect his beams, and glitter on the day!

HERE might the Poet sing in strains sublime
 Drawn from the records of remoter time,
 How, on thy banks, a mingled barb'rous host
 In slaughter'd thousands strew'd the British coast,
 Well pleas'd still CAMBRIA hears her † OWEN's name
 And ranks the hero in her list of fame,
 Who saw fair Peace and Liberty restor'd
 And sav'd his People from a foreign Lord.—

STILL rising Phœbus paints the varying scene,
 The op'ning valley, and the forest green,
 The coasts far winding on the sea-girt shore
 And MONA doom'd to hostile arms once more.

When

† Owen Gwynned who defeated the Danes, Normans and Irish at the pass of the MENAI.—

When fierce PAULINUS † with his Roman band,
 Rush'd on, to desolate the mourning land;
 Then by the biting ax, with ruthless stroke,
 Fell thy tall forests of majestic oak,
 Which long revolving ages had survey'd,
 To spread aloft their venerable shade.
 Dire was the contest, ere proud ROME prevail'd
 And MONA's sons to guard her altars fail'd;
 Till partial Fate at length decreed their doom,
 And bury'd thousands in one common tomb.

DINLLE's rampart, gilded by the morn,
 Whose spreading beams more wide the scene adorn,
 The earliest marks of foreign pow'r displays,
 And trophies that far conq'ring armies raise;
 The flutt'ring shade of many a hero slain,
 Or Druid, here, beneath Night's fable reign,
 Hovers in air, amidst those calm retreats,
 As flitting onward tow'rd his native feats,

Where

† Suetonius, Paulinus who invaded and destroyed the sacred groves of MONA.

Where MONA once her sacred grove display'd,

By envious ROME in smoaky ruins laid.

THE vale of VORTIGERN, next strikes the sight,

Flush'd with the radiance of the rising light:

Ill-fated Prince! o'er Britains state who reign'd,

And dreadful war (with Heav'n averse,) maintain'd

Retir'd at last to Cambria's rocky shore,

Where Britain hears th' Hibernian ocean roar,

He, whom in life perpetual tempests toss'd

In tempest perish'd on the British coast;

Struck by Heav'n's fires a blacken'd corse he lies,

His gen'rous spirit mounts th' ætherial skies,

In the lone vale his relics low are laid,

While sad remembrance mourns the hero's shade.

AND, CLAUDE, thy pencil here in many a scene,

The stream soft flowing, and the flow'ry green,

MENAI's bright waves and soft descending shores,

Whose ceaseless course the western deep explores;

The

The route of conquest, knowledge, science deign,
 Now in the West to hold their glorious reign!
 Long has ASSYRIA mourn'd her empire lost,
 And PERSIA, once the conquer'd world's great boast:
 Nor polish'd GREECE the glorious prize had gain'd,
 Nor later Rome the envy'd palm maintain'd.
 Great Sun of Science, thy enliv'ning ray
 To other shores has found its destin'd way!—
 —Here CLAUDE thy pencil dipp'd in richest dyes,
 The beaming suns bright clouds, and smiling skies,
 In CAMBRIA'S vales, and rising hills might find
 A subject equal to thy happy mind;
 Here might'st thou well the finest touches give,
 And bid the animated canvas live;
 For here the softest scenes that Nature spreads,
 The noblest tints that glorious PHÆBUS sheds,
 Are genial mingled; here the fields and streams
 With mildest glow reflect the radiant beams,
 Flush'd with the bloom the glorious scenes display,
 And glowing landscapes op'ning on the day,

While Nature, in such lovely dress appears,
As halcyon days beheld, and SATURN'S golden years.

NOR less the stream of LLYVON, marks the scene,
Still glitt'ring various on the blue serene,
Reflects new beauties as his current flows,
And other skies in his deep bosom shews.—

When Vernal Suns their bright'ning influence shed,
When Summer's radiance o'er the heav'ns is spread,

When genial Autumn holds her milder reign,
And CERES' gifts enrich the yellow plain,

Old LLYVON bids his gently murm'ring wave,
In softest lapse the verdant borders lave;

But when from high the fierce AQUARIUS pours
His wintry store of unremitting show'rs,

Then swells his torrent, whose resistless force,
Sublimely dreadful in its rapid course,

Deep through the subject valley sweeps along,
Hoarse murm'ring breaks the rugged rocks among;

With sway impetuous scours the level plain,
And roaring, thund'ring, rushes to the main:

So CAMBRIA'S fons, an unoffending race,
And high adorn'd with ev'ry manly grace,
In peace mild breathing as the Summer gale
That curls the stream, and swells the purple fail,
From VENUS' self the heav'nly palm receive,
And laurels with the gentler myrtle weave;
But when (arous'd by direful war's alarms)
The shrill-ton'd trumpet summons them to arms,
Not the vex'd wintry storm that wildly roars,
And beats in wrath their hoarse-refounding shores;
Not the loud thunder, pealing from on high,
That rends the azure concave of the sky,
More fierce, more dreadful!—Resolute to dare,
They rush impetuous through the files of war;
The charging hosts with ardent eye survey,
And snatch from MARS himself the glories of the day!

BLEST throne of freedom, and of high renown,
In many' a long and hard-fought battle won,
In many' a midnight council oft' secur'd,
Which still for happy centuries endur'd;



E M E L I N A.

Oh let me hail thy solemn, sacred seats,
Thy lofty mountains, and thy green retreats,
Where ev'ry step marks out some hero's grave,
Some spot where Britons resolutely brave
Stemm'd the rough torrent of disastrous war,
While their lov'd country claim'd their dearest care;
Or where the holy sage or hermit fought
Some lone recess to nurse his infant thought;
For Heroes, Sages, Poets too, were thine,
And Patriots, glowing with the flame divine,
Who check'd loud war, or faction's louder rage,
And rose the wonders of a future age!

BUT see where yonder lofty piles arise
In antique glory, to the distant skies,
CAERNARVON'S regal turrets, known to fame,
The Normans' boast, and EDWARD'S pride and shame;
Whom *force* could ill subdue, by *wiles* assail'd,
At length the study'd royal fraud prevail'd.
Then CAMBRIA view'd *his* offspring mount the throne,
And gave her faith to Princes not her own;

Till

Till future Monarchs sprung from British blood,
(CARACTACUS and ARTHUR wise and good)
When TUDOR'S line saw liberty restor'd,
And jarring nations blest'd their common Lord.——

BUT now primæval trees that stretch their shade;
O'er darkling dells, the orient beams invade;
Scarce MONA'S deepest groves resist its ray,
But glimmer faintly with a dubious day:
Wide stretching thence, where more than mortal gloom
O'erspreads the spot of EVELINA'S tomb,
The parting boughs admit the solar fire,
And flitting shadows of the night retire.

THE dawning day saw MONA'S Druid laid
Intranc'd, beneath the melancholy shade;
There Inspiration, daughter of the sky,
With mystic visions charm'd his closing eye;
While his rapt soul in sacred slumbers borne
View'd distant times and ages yet unborn.

H

THERE

THERE BRITAIN'S Genius the dire process shew'd
 Of Roman conquest o'er his lov'd abode;
 How bold BONDUICA check'd their conqu'ring arms,
 And fill'd the injur'd isle with loud alarms;
 How fierce PAULINUS stemm'd the hostile tide,
 Till She who could not conquer bravely dy'd.

AND next he view'd where BRITAIN'S hapless state,
 Deserted by her conq'rors, yields to Fate,
 When ROME'S proud legions to her coasts withdrew,
 And far away her conq'ring eagles flew.
 Then from the North, a fierce and savage host
 Spread vast destruction o'er th' affrighted coast.
 Till from the German shores a hardy train,
 With fav'ring omens plough'd the boiling main;
 The foe repell'd, their guests the realm invade
 And seize that country which they came to aid.
 Then ARTHUR rose and many a chief of Fame,
 (Prompt to avow their sinking country's claim)

But

But rose in vain,—for Heav'n decreed their fate,
And in wild ruin wrapp'd the sinking state;
Then to their heights the British bands retire,
And woo fair Freedom there, whose sacred fire
Still warms their hearts; while to the stranger-band,
Remains the conquest of their fertile land.

HERE rolling ages saw them still sustain
The simple glories of their happy reign;
While dreadful feuds distract their conqu'ring foes,
And civil discord, heaping woes on woes.
What though they boast their policy to blend
That ev'n o'er CAMBRIA bade their rule extend,
While YORK and LANCASTER with kindred blood,
Their native land, and other climes imbru'd,
While warring chieftains desolation spread,
“ And for the king's offence the people bled.”
Vain was their boast, till TUDOR's glorious line
Restor'd fair Peace and Liberty divine!

bnA

From

From ancient British kings their race who drew,
 And claim'd their Valour and their Virtue too;
 These long sustain'd the glories of the isle,
 Beneath their reign fair Peace and Plenty smile,
 Who taught succeeding fov'reigns still to prove,
 Their first, best treasure is their people's love.—

Yet war again resum'd its baneful sway,
 And deeds that blush'd to view the face of day;
 Such dire effects contending faction brings,
 "To hated Ministers and timid Kings."
 For whom again loud War began to roar,
 And BRITAIN'S plains are flain'd with British gore.—

HENCE stretching onward, through a waste of years,
 At length a bright and happy race appears;
 On whom the various nations still depend,
 And hail each prince a father and a friend.—
 Who shall express the glories of their reign!
 Far stretching o'er the wide, Atlantic main,

From

And

And thence to distant regions then unknown,
Deep in the centre of the burning zone.

ALL these the Druid in his slumbers view'd;—
Each glorious form confess'd before him stood;—
All who with love of Fame or Virtue fir'd,
Triumphant reign'd, or gloriously expir'd;
All who in fighting-fields, or councils sage,
With grave advice or gen'rous patriot-rage,
To sinking Britain lent their needful aid,
And taught the precepts which their lives display'd,
But chiefly such as, nurs'd in CAMBRIA'S soil,
For *her* incessant ply'd their gen'rous toil,
Distinguish'd still who claim'd a glorious name,
And rank'd the foremost in the list of Fame.
United kingdoms now in friendship join
The British, Saxon, and the Norman line
With those whose shores the farthest ocean laves,
And fair IERNE, wash'd by western waves.——

I

What

What more could BRITAIN hope, or Heav'n bestow
In this frail state which mortals fill below?
What more could her expecting sons behold,
Though circling years return'd the age of gold?
Yes!—one gift more!—the GENIUS anxious cries:—
In future times I see a Prince arise,
With ev'ry winning, manly grace endu'd
By Virtue more ennobled than by Blood;
While yet a youth, while yet a blooming boy.
His parents darling and his country's joy:
He if success attend whole nations vows,
And length of days indulgent Heav'n allows,
Like British ARTHUR may with justice sway,
And teach a warlike people to obey.—
Oh! may no guile mislead the royal youth,
No devious wiles perplex the path of truth!
But ever prompt to gain a glorious name,
And by fair Honour rise to deathless fame;
May he support a gen'rous people's pow'r,
(Still brave and loyal in the dang'rous hour;

Resisting

Resisting oft' each hated tyrant's sword,
But just and faithful, to *their* rightful lord.)
Still may he make their happy state his care,
And *boast* that title he is born to wear."

IN slumbers thus the Druid with surprize
Views the bright phantoms fleet before his eyes:—
Enquiring yet with anxious zeal to know
His much-lov'd country's future weal or woe;
While most the latter scenes his mind employ'd,
And tranquil state in other times enjoy'd.
What farther fortunes might the youth pursue,
Scarce seen and snatch'd immediate from his view.—
But all beyond Fate's fable curtain shrouds,
In shades impervious and a veil of clouds;
The op'ning scenes imperfect all decay,
Till, by degrees, the vision fades away:—
For now the Sun rose high; the groves and streams
Wide shining with the lustre of his beams;

The cock's loud clarion to the village-swain
Had long before announc'd Aurora's reign;
The twitt'ring linnet, with melodious throat,
Bade hill and dale re-echo with his note;
And last the mounting lark, with chearful lay,
Had tun'd his song, (the herald of the day!)
The nodding branches of the lofty trees
Now rustled to the early morning breeze,
The wither'd leaf in many' a whirling round,
Skimm'd the light air, or swept along the ground;
When MONA's chief from mystic slumbers woke;
And thus the Seer in mournful accents spoke.

“ UNWELCOME Pow'r of all-enliv'ning Light,
That from these eyes hast chac'd the shades of night,
Why do I view again the piercing ray,
And still survive, to curse the chearful day?
Why could not war its shafts on me employ,
Or Heav'n's own fires this hated life destroy?—

Those

Those visionary forms, that round me play'd,
And whilom gilt the melancholy shade,
Alas! where are they now! for ever flown!
While penfive in the shade I rest alone;
With lamentations fill the gloomy vale,
And with my sighs still load the passing gale.
Thrice happy those on whom the heav'ns bestow,
Not to behold their dearest country's woe:
Thrice happy those who in the silent grave
Have found the last sad refuge of the brave!
The Chief that reign'd in MONA views no more
The blessings of her hospitable shore;
No more with joy beholds her groves aspire,
Which ROME shall burn with sacrilegious fire.
Past are those days when from the ivy'd oak,
Oracular, the holy Druid spoke:
No longer now the harp's melodious lay,
Shall hail the rising or the setting day;
But ROME's proud shouts, her dreadful voice I hear,
While hostile bands on ev'ry coast appear.

“ YE Gods of BRITAIN, if your pow’r remains,—
And HE the Source of Life, sublime who reigns
Above the mountain’s cloud-envelop’d height,
Above the spheres, enthron’d in endless light,
Whose delegates *you* stand—If from on high
He deigns at length to cast a pitying eye,
O may the Fates some happier remnant save,
Nor whelm our heroes in one common grave!—
They will, they will! else who in times to come
Shall bid the British fame again to bloom,
As the old serpent bright’ning on the day,
That casts at length her scaly vest away?
Gods of our fathers! your own signs fulfil,
As suits the purpose of the heav’nly will!

BUT what remains for Me? These aged eyes
Shall see no more my country’s glories rise!
Far other objects strike my wounded sight,
From MONA’S isle to SNOWDON’S tow’ring height,

Where

Where horrid war has fix'd her hated reign,
Wide stretching to the vast Atlantic main.
Our virgins ravish'd by the lawless band,
Our sons led captive to a foreign land;
Our secret shades the haunt of robbers made,
Our sacred groves in smoky ruins laid!
These are the scenes I ever must deplore,
Till death shall waft me to the gloomy shore!"—

THUS while he spoke, loud-swelling from afar,
Rush'd the wild tumult of wide-wasting war:
A thousand shouts loud echo'd through the trees,
A thousand shrieks came wafted on the breeze;
A grove of spears from SNOWDON'S side descends,
A moving grove, which tow'rd the vale extends:
Bright burnish'd arms reflect the solar ray,
And helms refulgent glitter on the day;
The Roman eagle points the destin'd road
That leads them on to slaughter, wounds and blood;

Before them march'd wild Terror and Despair,
And Rapine fell, and horrid Death were there.
Behind came Ruin, led by pale Affright,
And desp'rate Furies rous'd from ancient Night;
While Fame high raising to the clouds her head,
From shore to shore the dreadful tidings spread;
Which still increasing as they pass along,
Appal the mighty, and confound the strong:
Then BRITAIN'S Genius left his ancient reign,
And veil'd his glories in the Western main;
Where long he slumber'd, till by fate call'd forth,
He rose the wonder of the peopled earth.

ALL this and more, from mortal eyes conceal'd,
Before the Chief of MONA stood reveal'd:
He saw each Pow'r averse with angry hand,
Launch sure destruction on his native land;
He saw o'er Freedom tyrant Force prevail,
While ROME triumphant turn'd the fatal scale;

And

And ancient worth, and simple Virtue's charms,
Yield to the pow'r of all-subduing arms.

IN this dread moment, length'ning on his view,
Near and more near the hostile squadrons drew;
While Druids and their groves alike expire
By biting steel or bright consuming fire.
Rising, once more the horrors he survey'd,
Then smote his breast and agonizing said:—

“ BEHOLD the glories of a savage host!
Behold the trophies yon' barbarians boast!
Yet shall not MONA'S Chief to such a race
Yield his free spirit, or their triumphs grace!
Go on to conquer! till Almighty Pow'r
Confound your pride in some avenging hour!
For it will come, the dire, disastrous day,
When all your boasted honours shall decay,
When the proud tow'rs of your imperial ROME
Shall stoop to conquest, and receive their doom.

L

Then

Then late-relenting Gods shall bid arise
The British glories to the concave skies,
Shall bid this injur'd isle extend her Sway,
Ev'n from the rising to the falling day,
And bear her conqu'ring arms to ev'ry zone
Where ROME's proud Eagle yet has never flown.

“ O THAT mine age the glorious scenes might see,
Yet after-times shall hail the just decree,
Which hurls th' usurpers from their boasted state,
And bids aspiring nations yield to fate.
While righteous Heav'n, that this great boon denies,
Shall seal in death these sad and mournful eyes,
Ere yet more horrors vex my aking fight,
Their closing orbs shall set in endless night,
I feel, I feel their fainting fires decay,
And Life's last pulses feebly die away;
And here, within this melancholy shade,
Where rest the reliques of the Royal Maid,

Shall

Shall MONA's son his lasting station keep,
And lose his cares in one eternal sleep."

He said ;—dim shadows swam before his sight,
And fleeting forms of unsubstantial night :
Not such as MORPHEUS calls with gentle breath,
But such as hover round the gates of Death.
More distant now he hears War's tempest roar,
And ROME and CÆSAR strike with dread no more.
Fade the sad objects on his languid eye,
And on his ear the imperfect murmurs die :
Till Life's overweary'd flame at length withdrew,
And from his lips the vital spirit flew.—
Ev'n on that spot where EVELINA's tomb,
With double horrors mark'd the awful gloom,
With look serene, such as in life he wore
When ruling on high MONA's hallow'd shore,
Or such as when, with patriot zeal inspir'd,
On SNOWDON's top the British bands he fir'd;

His

His sacred corse in decent order lay,
While his free spirit fought the realms of day!

WHEN journeying onward thro' the dark abode,
The hostile legions took their destin'd road,
ROME's son's appal'd the deathful scene survey'd,
Nor dar'd to violate the sacred shade;
But strait, with melancholy march and flow,
Withdrew, deep musing from the vale of woe.
But when the sun was sunk beneath the main
Mournful return'd wild MONA's scatter'd train;
These when they view'd their holy chief laid low,
Again gave loose to agonizing woe,
Then his cold reliques mournfully convey'd,
Far from the lone and unfrequented shade:—
There EVELINA's tomb; so Fate ordain'd,
To after-ages undisturb'd remain'd,
The British soil embrac'd the royal maid,
And o'er her tomb her native oaks display'd,
An awful gloom and venerable shade;

}
While

While MONA's sons to distant hills retreat,
 And view with tearful eyes their ancient feat,
 To their lov'd chief the last sad tribute pay,
 And greet his passage to the realms of day.
 Their mournful notes the distant shores rebound,
 And Dirges, sung to solemn Music's sound;
 While to cold earth his sad remains they trust,
 And peaceful sleeps the Druid's mould'ring dust.—

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

*IN the Argument for OSTORIOUS read OSTORIUS.—Pages 6, 7, 8, &c. for LLYVAN read LLYVON.
 —Page 11, line 2, for whirlwind, read whirlwinds.—Page 12, line 6, for grief read woe.—Page 14, line 10,
 for flights read flight.—Page 17, line 1, for thy read his.—Page 18, line 2, for lands read sands.—Page 19,
 line 11, for DINLLES read DIULLES.—In the NOTE to page 19, for Suctonius read Suetonius, and dele
 the Comma.—Page 21, line 1, for of read where.—Page 25, line 3, for When read With.—Ibid, line 7,
 for its read their.—Page 26, line 1, for process, read progress, Ibid, line 13, for omems, read omens.*

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